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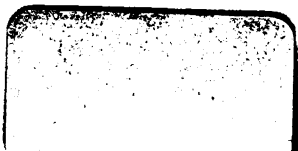
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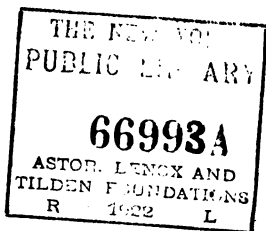
# SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

By  
EZRA J. POULSEN



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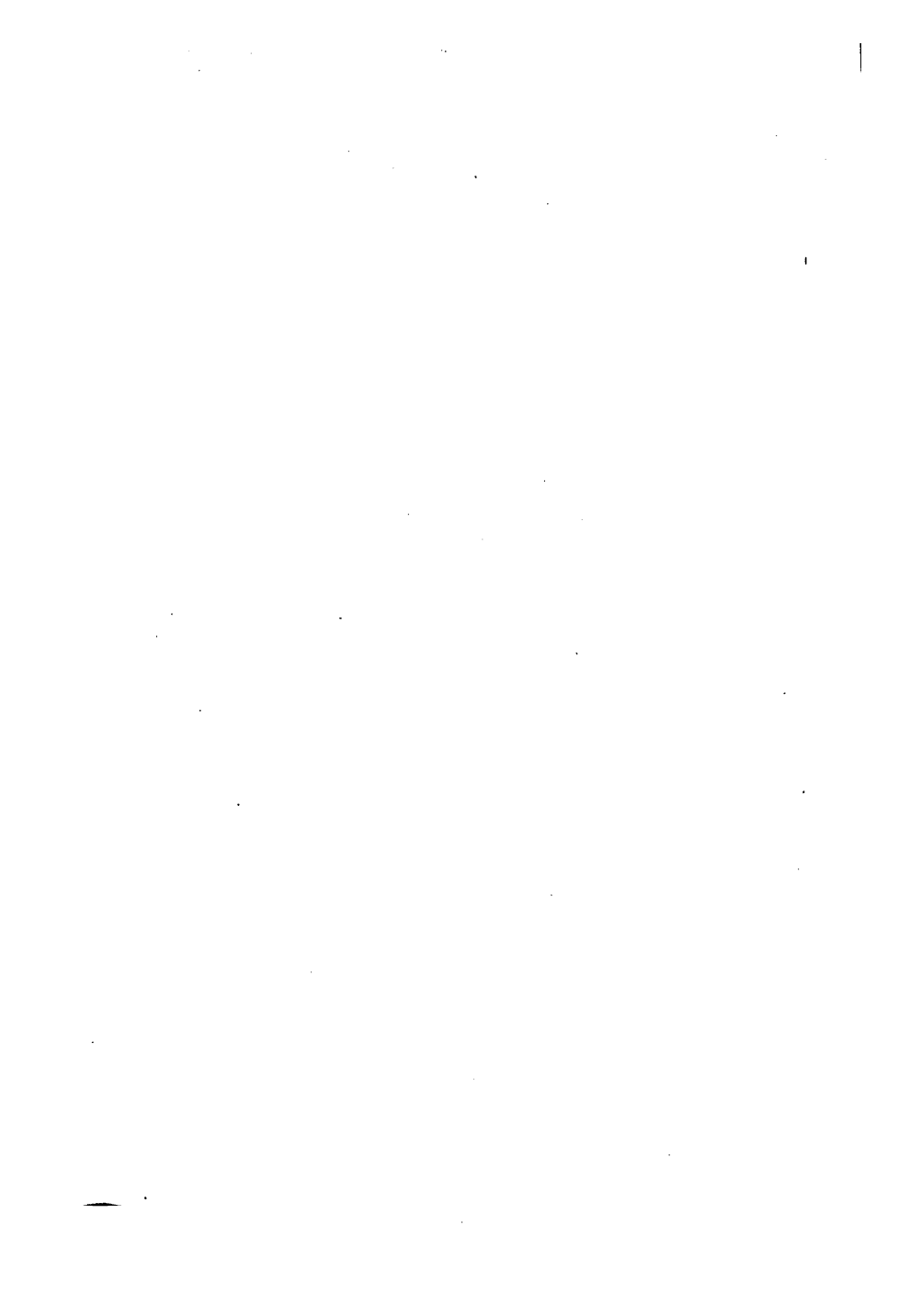


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## The Pioneers

COME, let me tell you the wonderful story,  
Fraught with pictures of hardship and  
daring,  
Of the men and the women of iron  
Whose deeds are gilded with glory;  
How they conquered the majestic Westland  
By the strength of their brawn and their brain,  
Crossing the plains, the mountains, and turbulent  
rivers,  
A fearless and happy band.

They were the vanguard of progress;  
They laid the foundations of state;  
There was a strength in the plan of their  
building  
That conquered the desert and opened the moun-  
tain recess.  
Forth from the marts of civilization,  
They came with a sturdy purpose;  
For the tinsel of luxury they cared not;  
They sought for the gold of creation.



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## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

Cheerful, and happy, and helpful to others,  
They lived near to Nature's God.  
Joys and sorrows alike they shared.  
Proving that all men are brothers;  
And oft in the campfire's ruddy glow,  
Where fathers, and mothers, and children were  
gathered,  
They sang songs of gladness, and regaled the  
hours  
With sagas of hardship and daring.

And when cold handed Death took his toll,  
Striking down a face that was loved,  
In mutual sorrow they laid away the departed,  
And struggled to calm the stormy stress of the  
soul.

A last lingering look at the shallow grave,  
Then with aching hearts they resumed the  
desolate trail.

Firm in their hearts was the faith that God  
would prevail,  
And receive into his paradise the life that he  
gave.

Into the virgin valleys, a race of conquerors they  
came;  
On their swarthy faces beamed the light of the  
rising sun;

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

By their presence the spell of the primitive was  
vanquished,  
And unto the wilderness they gave a name.  
Then lo, from the dormant, untrampled area  
The work of their hands caused cities to rise,  
While fields bloomed and ripened under the hus-  
bandman's care,  
And cattle roved in sweet content across the lea.

They fought and treated with redmen  
For a share of the ancient habitat,  
Till the painted warrior is needed no more,  
And his stoic brethren have turned from the way  
that had been  
The stamp of their savagery thru ages gone by.  
Thus the reign of the war-axe and arrow has  
vanished,  
And the reaper and plow have conquered the  
land  
Where the riches of Utopia lie.

Such is the story of the pioneers,  
They who braved the dangers of venturing  
Into the unknown land that waited,  
They who led the way mid sorrows and tears.  
To you and me they left the inheritance;  
We profit by their spirit and prowess;

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

Let us corrupt not the treasures they left us,  
But build firm, and be true; they gave us the  
    chance.

O, you sons of the noble blood,  
Forget not the strength of your fathers  
Who conquered the land and the sea,  
They of the South, and the East, and the North  
Who dared the mountain and flood.  
It was they who followed the sinking sun  
Far into the land of gold,  
It was they who founded a commonwealth  
That the sons of their sons might come.



## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

### The Reapers

**T**HIS is the song that the reapers sing  
When the yellow sheaves they're piling,  
When the golden plumes of autumn gleam,  
And the harvest moon is smiling.

Good cheer, Good cheer  
The harvest is here,  
And merrily do we reap.  
Some for the sons of Tubal Cain,  
Some for the sons of Thor,  
Some for the sturdy toilers at home,  
And a little more to keep  
Our soldier boy over the sea.

There's a buoyant note in the reaper's song  
As it wings its way on the breeze ;  
There's a lofty hope in the singer's heart  
That a year and a day might appease  
The angry Moloch,  
Consuming the sons of men.

Good cheer, good cheer,  
The harvest is here,

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

So the reapers continue to sing,  
As they garner the harvest from winter's blast  
That pours down from the hoary old north.  
And they think of the fragrant, blossoming  
spring.

But list a while to the maiden's song,

As she plies her strength to the bending sheaves.  
Her maiden form moves pliant and strong  
'Mid the whispering autumn leaves.

My soldier boy is over the sea,  
And the heart of my heart is he,  
Over the blue and boisterous sea;  
O, send him hurrying back to me,  
But not till all his brave duty is done,  
Not till the battle of right is won.

Such is the song of the harvesters  
When the golden grain they're piling;  
They greet with joy the beck'ning years  
When the harvest moon is smiling.

Come, join the song,  
And march along  
With the army that goes out to reap;  
For life is the work of the Master of all,  
And joy is the measure of man.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

Good cheer, good cheer,  
The harvest is here,  
And merrily do we reap.  
Some for the sons of Tubal Cain,  
Some for the sons of Thor,  
Some for the patient toilers at home,  
And more  
For our soldier boy over the sea.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

### The Wayfarer

**H**E LONGS for a breath of the fragrant air  
That kisses his native hills,  
And deep in his pent up heart there lies  
An eager longing for the day that wills  
His return to the happy land.

Far on the wings of the years he has sped,  
In quest of dame Future's best treasure;  
Yet naught that the wide earth has offered to him  
Seems half so sweet, or gives the full measure  
Of joy that the old home affords.

The maple tree and the blossoming rose  
Are beckoning from over the gilded wall of his  
dreams,  
And the oaken door of memory stands ajar  
To reveal the endeared cot, and the sainted face  
that beams  
The ecstasy of a mother's love.

Back again come the happy scenes of childhood,  
Tumbling along the secluded aisles of the past.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

The orchards, and meadows, and fields of ripening grain  
Glow again in fancy, and the last  
Thot of the weary day is gone.

A quick bridge is thrown across Time's widening gulf,  
And he passes over to join in the revelries of old,  
And joy untold is found in those haunts,  
From which youth, ever restless and bold,  
Is all too eager to depart.

Ambitions once achieved seem but baubles,  
And wearily the heart turns away from them  
Feeling that they are but passing shadows  
That follow in the wake of the efforts which stem  
The tides of the years.

And above the din of toil or battle sounds the  
call  
To hasten back where old associations wait  
To be renewed, with all their bliss;  
And visions come of kinsmen standing at the  
gate  
To welcome home the prodigal.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

Thus the wayfarer on life's journey,  
Tho laden with the gifts of auspicious fortune,  
Would give all for a glimpse of his native hearth;  
And longingly he waits for the day opportune  
That will start him on the road back home.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

### Through the Veil

**O**N THE other side of the veil I see  
The marching regiments that used to be;  
They are resting now in their mail of white —  
Those heroes of righteous might.  
There in the fields of Elysium  
Where the woes of war shall never come,  
They are watching the trend of the way,  
And are thinking of home today.

Those rugged men who came not back  
Over the ocean's surging track,  
Are thinking of the dear home land  
Beyond the gray sea sand;  
And the hope in their hearts is rising high  
That the living will cherish the ones who die;  
And remember the cause of the slain  
That death to them be not in vain.

They went thru the midnight of battle's hell;  
True to trust and tryst, face to foe they fell;  
And their going was like a sigh in the night;

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

Thru the dark veil of death they went into a  
land of light.

The unfinished task they left behind,  
Like a magic wand to sustain and bind  
The hearts of heroes that proudly beat,  
And never know the measure of defeat.

On the other side of the veil I see  
The marching regiments that used to be;  
They are living now in paradise —  
They who made the sacrifice.  
In their sunlit land of rest  
They contemplate the days they gave their best;  
And pray before the Throne of Grace  
That we will falter not in manhood's race.



## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

### Pal O' Mine

**D**O YOU know the days are brighter,  
Pal o' mine,  
For the charm of having met with you?  
Do you know my heart is lighter,  
For the thot that you were true?

It's a long and weary way we've traveled,  
Pal o' mine,  
But we've reached the lonely parting in the road,  
Where you pass on to God's white throne,  
While I remain to trod the stony path alone.

In the battle's din, undaunted,  
You were true to God's ideal.  
Not another manly trait was wanted,  
Pal o' mine,  
To make your life a shining light to men.  
And tho you join the ranks of death,  
Pal o' mine,  
Yet it's not fôrgotten you will be;  
But your name will live in glory  
In the annals of the free.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

### In Summer Time on Sagar's Hills

**I**N SUMMER time on Sagar's hills,  
White cloud ships sail the sky;  
The sun's a yellow rolling sheen  
That scatters gold across the green,  
And life is all a glad desire  
To feel the heart of nature thrill,—  
Thrill with music from the breeze,  
Wafting thru the aspen trees  
Where gentle zephyrs kiss the laughing rill.

Across the rolling Sagar's hills  
Wild mountain flowers bloom;  
White lilies greet the rosy dawn,  
And sleep with evening's gloom.  
O'er sunny hill and shady dell  
The wily coyote's cry resounds,  
Over the hills the echo bounds,  
To the valley's depths below.

In summer time on Sagar's hills  
Dame Nature's reign is o'er;  
The plowman's song at evening rings—

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

It's a happy song he sings,  
As o'er the damp and fragrant sod he plods,  
With tired limbs but happy heart,  
Toward his cabin home.

O, summer time on Sagar's hills,  
'Tis just the time and place ;  
I feel the breath of freedom there,  
The freedom of my western land.  
O, Sagar's hills in summer time,—  
In hazy Indian summer time,—  
I feel the breath of freedom there,  
In every draught of ozone atmosphere.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

### Star of the Silvery Night

STAR of the silvery night,  
Gleaming your beacon light;  
Far o'er the silence,  
Twinkle your merry smile;  
Be thou a guide the while  
Unto my soul.

Star of the silvery night,  
Light winged and golden bright,  
Calm and serene,  
Where is the path you go?  
How can you twinkle so  
In the great void?

Star of the dreaming time,  
What longed for goal is thine  
In yonder sky?  
Your light, tho true, yet fades  
Oft into outer shades  
Among millions more.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

Yet you shine bravely on,  
Ah, star, you little one,  
How patient you are!  
Oft in this world of men  
My dearest wish has been  
Crushed in the struggle.

Star of the silvery night,  
Yours is the welcome light  
That bids me to rise.  
If you can shine so true  
Amid the host that's hiding you,  
I too will rise again,  
And struggle in the realm of men.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

### Mother

**M**Y DEAREST joy is the memory of you  
Whose faith in me never failed,  
My greatest love is my love for you  
Whose name shall ne'er be assailed.  
Your angel face, thro the years that fly,  
Is the guide that beckons me on;  
Though stealing across my heart like a sigh,  
Is the thot that today you are gone.

Back there in the dear old home  
I learned life's best lessons from you;  
And tho the wide world I may roam,  
To your love I must be true.  
You cherished the glimmer of good in me  
When others thot it had died;  
By the light of your beautiful life I see,  
And for you, dear mother, I've tried.

Faith whispers that you wait for me  
At the other end of the trail,  
And I feel the warmth of your love for me,  
Which strengthens my feet, lest I fail.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

Most priceless of precious gifts you are,  
I have learned, as I pass down the years.  
I am trying to be what you're hoping for,  
Dear mother, remember no fears.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

### The Seer

**L**O, HERE he comes with dauntless tread,  
Forth from the ranks of men.  
His brow is crowned with laurels won  
Down in the marts of toil;  
And like the snowy mountain top,  
His strength is towering high;  
For he has scaled the heights of life,  
And reached, at last, the place  
Where right and might are one.

He is the seer whose vision clear  
Leads on, and on to God;  
And people say, "Let's hear him speak,  
For he points out the way of life eternal."  
And thus he rules with gentle mien,  
And wields with firmness true,  
The scepter of God's priesthood here on earth.



## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

### Over the Hills

**O**VER the hills where the road leads,  
A joy is waiting for you—  
Waiting aglow where the sun shines  
Forth from the glimmering blue.  
You'll find it there in the evening,  
If you're not afraid of the climb;  
Just stick to the place where the road leads  
Over the hills of time.

Over the hills with a steady tread;  
It's a long, long way to go;  
But a buoyant heart will take you there,  
While the tender zephyrs blow.  
And your truest wish is lingering  
Close by a sea of gold,  
To carry you on to the sun gates  
Across the fairy world.

Yes, the grade is steep where the road leads  
Up many a slope of the hills;  
And dangers galore will besiege you,  
If you falter or grow afraid.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

Be strong, and staunch, and brave, lad;  
And the treasures of life are thine;  
And your journey will be a happy one  
Over the hills of time.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

### Evening

**C**EASE, song of the hammer and forge,  
The sun is aslant in the drowsy west;  
And Evening is calling the worker home  
To his haven of love,—and rest.

Come sturdy son of the soil,  
It is time to rest, while the robin sings;  
Stop your mowing, and haste to your cot in the  
dell,  
And wait for the peace that the night wind  
brings.

And you of the office crowd,  
Don't labor the long night thru,  
Come out of your den, come out and be free,  
The mocking bird's calling for you.

Workers, you're given the day of your strength,  
Of the best of your muscle and brain.  
Come away from your toil and tarry awhile,  
On the morrow you'll take up the strain.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

Just linger an hour in evening's calm,  
And breath your thanks for the day;  
You can never fail if you do your best,  
For God watches over the way.

Cease, song of the hammer and forge;  
Rest, weary makers of cheer;  
Sing, feathered songsters of meadow and hill,  
The evening vacation is here.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

### Maid of My Heart

**L**ITTLE maid of my heart,  
When the roses bloom,  
I think of the rose on your cheek;  
And my soul soars out in infinite tune  
With yours that awaits somewhere,  
My coming thru the long night of gloom.

Little maid, when we parted  
Our love was true;  
It is true as eternity still;  
But, Oh, my beautiful, beautiful one,  
My heart is yearning for you  
In the dull, dead void that remains,  
I am longing, yes, longing for you.

Little maid of my heart,  
We twain are one  
Thru love's refining fire;  
And tho you've travelled so far away,  
Up near the Lord's white throne,  
I still am hoping, hoping, dear,  
To come to you when the roses bloom.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

### Autumn

**H**E WRITES his name with master hand  
Along the rugged mountain steeps;  
In colors gold, and brown, and red,  
Upon the face of earth he leaps,  
And sports with passing Summer where  
She lingers in the dell—  
Lingers just to wait for him,  
Whose kiss she loves so well.

With rapture he caresses her  
Until her cheeks turn red;  
And then her garments green she changes,  
And shyly she consents to wed.  
So the bold rover, Autumn, has his way,  
When bounding over mount and mead he comes,  
Decked in his gorgeous color scheme,  
Along the woodlands rim he runs.

Across the sea and land he paints bright rain-  
bow hues  
To please his winsome bride,  
And dances in the sunshine glimmer

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

In wild ecstasy and pride.  
He is a happy, saucy wight,  
A special favorite of us all,  
And we can't help but like his glowing colors,  
The gold, and red, and brown of boisterous Fall.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

### Summer Melodies

**O**, MELODIES simple and sweet,  
Tinkling chimes blown by the winds  
From the heart of bright summers' retreat.  
Fresh from the full throated birds, and the bees,  
Babbling brooks and murmuring trees,  
Linger, O songs of mid-summer.

O, melodies rippling clear,  
Strewn thru the vales and sunny dales  
Full laden with memories dear,  
Laden with thots from the past's golden hours,  
Mixed with the dew and the fragrance of  
    flowers,  
Stay ever, sweet songs of mid-summer.



## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

### By the Lake

**O**, THE joy of quiet retreat  
By the margin of the lake,  
Dainty ripples at your feet,  
Golden cloud banks in the sky,  
Make the tired thots retreat,  
While on the pleasant sands you lie.

And the heart is lighter there,  
Glad and wild  
And free from care.  
There's a beauty sweet, serene,  
A charm from God's own hand  
That only by the laughing lake is seen.

Come, listen while the black-bird sings,  
And hear the chattering jay,  
And watch the skyline kiss the hills  
All thru the happy day.  
There's rest and music by the lake;  
Stern toiler, stop awhile, partake.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

### Christmas Time

**O** THE withering chills  
Creep over the hills  
From the north far, far away,  
And the wild winds blow  
The frolicsome snow  
From Santa Clause land today.  
The children are happy and wonder-eyed,  
Their faces aglow in the dancing light,  
What a merry group by the fire-side!  
Old jolly Kris Kringle is coming tonight.

And the melodies chime  
In rhythmic time  
The spirit of the Yule-tide cheer,  
As the bells sing far  
Of the luminous star  
And the coming of the Christ-child here.  
The trembling notes peal the old refrain  
Over the land, in all the earth;  
And waiting angels catch the strain  
To weave in their song of the Master's birth.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

The glad measures of love  
Strewn down from above  
This Christmas time fraught with joys,  
Bring peace to the heart;  
Good spirits impart  
To the frolicsome girls and boys.  
There's a happy reunion in all the land  
On this day of all days of the year;  
Christ's spirit meets with each happy band  
That seeks to keep Christmas time cheer.

O, let the wild winds blow  
The tumbling snow,  
While our Christmas hymns are sung.  
With joy, O Lord, this happy time  
We thank thee for the gift divine  
By which eternal life was won.  
Our grateful thanks this Christmas day  
We render for thy blessings free,  
And follow him who led the way  
For this, our happy jubilee.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

### Consolation

**A**RE THERE days that seem to be  
So dull and drear 'tis hard to see  
A bit of joy about you?  
And do you sometimes feel that life  
Is just a round of toil and strife,  
Without a single blessing?

You might think the hours lag,  
And every effort helps to drag  
You farther from your goal;  
But don't give up and stop too soon,  
For surely as the flowers bloom,  
You can be triumphant.

When you think you're down and out,  
Just stir yourself and be about  
The task that seems impending.  
And it will follow, just as day the night,  
You'll find you are a man of might  
If you but stop your worrying.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

You'll find it best to live to do,  
To love, and give, and surely you  
Can satisfy your longings.  
Remember that life's treasures lie  
Along the road of I-will-try,  
Where happy work folks travel.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

### You Are the One

**Y**OU ARE the one  
That the world awaits  
For tomorrow's great building task;  
You are the one  
In whom destiny stakes her chance to be true,  
And to lead aright  
To the goal afar  
Where Time's swift steps are leading.

You are the one  
Whose brain and brawn must build  
Thru the future days,  
That the mills may turn,  
And the lights may burn,  
Along civilization's ways.  
You are the one to do and dare,  
And strive at the morrow's bidding.

You are the one  
Whose courage true  
Will win in the long, long fight  
To keep the bark of truth afloat

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

Over the shoals of doubt to right;  
And if you will build with a steady hand,  
Each day, as the days go by,  
You'll learn the meaning of happiness,  
Thru all the years that are coming.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

### Passing of the Days

I LOVE to watch the days go by,  
As down the road of life they fly;  
The rustle of their silken wings  
Gives joy like that which music brings,  
And each is laden with a song  
That helps to cheer the sad along.  
And their treasures they impart,  
Little sonnets of the heart,  
Or the fragrant nectar of the flowers.  
Silver dropped and sun-kissed showers.

Each passing day is sure to be  
A rarest gem for you and me,  
If we will only live and glean  
The truth upon its flashing sheen.  
It whispers life and gladness here;  
It bears a message of good cheer  
To all who seek for love and light,  
And tread upon the path of right.  
Yes, of joy it freely gives,  
And whispers to the soul that lives  
Above the tumult and the grime,  
That life is just as limitless as time.



## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

He who rises in the morn,  
And thinks his life of beauty shorn,  
Can never see the good that is,  
And happiness will not be his.  
To him the day is full of gloom,  
And even tho the roses bloom  
He sees them not,  
For in his heart the light is not.

And thus the winged days go past,  
Ever moving, gliding fast  
Toward the sun encircled land  
Where the heights of wisdom stand.  
But only they with virtue's ways  
Learn to love the flying days,  
And feel that life is good and true,  
Tho filled with joy and sorrow, too.  
Yes, the days bring cloudy weather,  
Clods and stones, as well as treasure;  
But there's strength in sifting out  
Gems that lie in waste about;  
And the best are his who works;  
The lusterless are for the shirks,

I love to watch the days go by,  
As down the road of life they fly;

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

Fond memories follow in their wake,  
And little pools of quiet make  
That linger by life's rushing stream,  
And give us mortals time to dream.

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

### Ted.

**T**ED is just a four-year-old  
With sunburned cheeks and hair of gold.  
A streak of sunshine flitting o'er  
The homespun carpet on the floor.  
Two ruby lips and azure eyes  
Are his, to rival summer skies,  
Or scatter kisses steeped in rose's bloom.

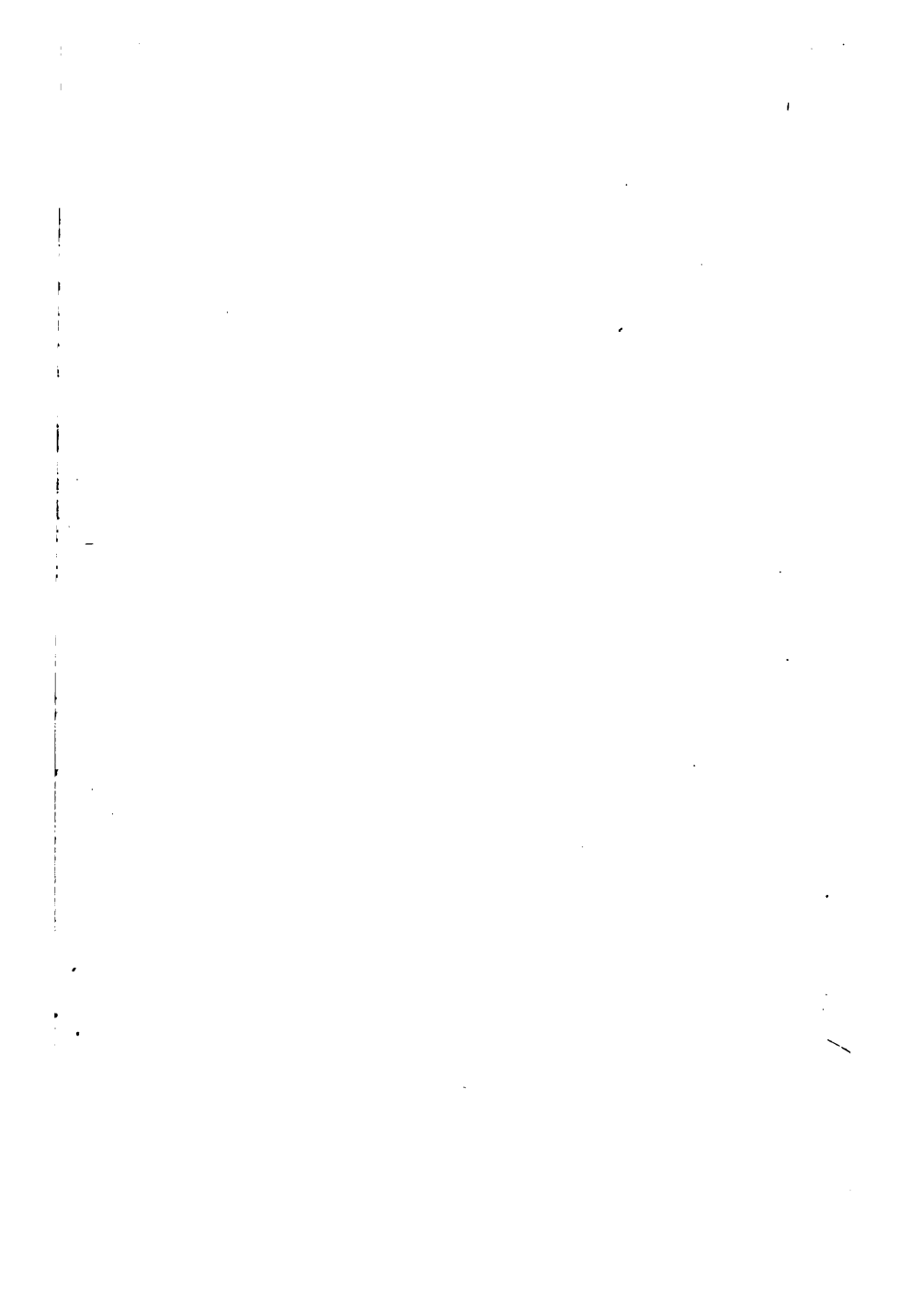
In the kitchen with his toys,  
He is playing. What a noise!  
And when the sunset's lambent beams  
Steal quietly thru the window seams,  
Young Ted's alert. With eager tread  
He toddles down the garden bed;  
And in the basking loam,  
He plays and waits, — alone —  
Plays and waits, for daddy's coming home.

Oh, the joy of meeting Ted,  
With sunny smile and tousled head.  
He holds the hearstrings of the home,  
And makes the day a joy that seems

## SONGS FOR THE TOILERS

To border on a fairyland of dreams.  
He wants to be a man some day;  
And oft times when he's hard at play,  
He talks about the things he'll do  
When he is grown like me and you.

So hopeful youth  
Must ever hasten on to manhood's power,  
Leaving all the pastures green  
To tread the highway's scorching sheen,  
For there's greater joy in toil than wanton ease.  
May God's protection day by day  
Keep those little feet from going astray  
From paths of love, and right, and liberty.



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